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though one unaccustomed to such exhibitions might turn pale with horror, as Hobhouse says Lord Byron did, or faint as many others have done, yet to a regular frequenter of the amphitheatre, who fears no danger, and is hardened to the cruelty, it is a scene of unbroken delight and exultation.

But, after all, we must come to the natural question, what are these pleasures compared with their consequences? What is the imposing grandeur of such a vast and excited crowd; the splendor of such picturesque ceremonies; these bold and striking outbreaks of the popular character; and this astonishing exhibition of the triumph of human dexterity over brute force and instinct, compared with the wanton and useless slaughter of so many noble and generous animals; the scenes of loathsome cruelty, which the arena every moment offers; the violent passions it excites; the guilty hardness it carries into the heart and character; and the portentous education it contributes to give to the rising generation, and the rude populace of a great capital like Madrid?

- ART. IV.—1. *The Refugee; a Romance.* By CAPTAIN MATTHEW MURGATROYD. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, Wilder & Campbell, 1825.
2. *Hobomok, a Tale of Early Times.* By AN AMERICAN. pp. 188. Boston, Cummings, Hilliard & Co. 1824.
3. *Peep at the Pilgrims, in 1636. A Tale of Olden Times.* By the Author of ‘Divers Unfinished Manuscripts, &c.’ 2 vols. 12mo. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 1824.
4. *The Witch of New England; a Romance.* Philadelphia, Carey & Lea, 1824.
5. *Saratoga, a Tale of the Revolution.* 2 vols. 12mo. Boston, Cummings, Hilliard & Co. 1824.
6. *Adsonville, or Marrying Out; a Narrative Tale.* 12mo. pp. 285. Albany, S. Shaw.
7. *A Winter in Washington; or Memoirs of the Seymour Family.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York, Bliss & White, 1824.
8. *Tales of an American Landlord; containing Sketches of Life south of the Potomac.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York, N. B. Gilley, 1825.

9. *O'Halloran, or the Insurgent Chief; an Irish Historical Tale of 1798.* By the Author of 'The Wilderness.' 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea, 1824.
10. *Goslington Shadow; a Romance of the Nineteenth Century.* By MUNGO COULTERSHOGGLE, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1825.

WE remember the time, when an American novel was a single, diminutive volume, sent out with no attractions, either of type or paper, and with but one quality likely to recommend it to the notice of the reading part of the community, and that was cheapness. We should rather say, perhaps, lowness of price, for that could scarcely be called cheap, in the common acceptation of the term, which, considering its real value, would have been dear at almost any rate; and so indeed the public seemed to believe, for the experiment of authorship was seldom made, and still less often repeated. The records of the trade, for a series of a dozen years, would probably be searched in vain for the advertisements of as many novels. Times are now changed, when the retrospect of a single year affords us the decade of indigenous works of this sort, whose titles stand at the head of this article, all fairly printed and done up, as the advertisements have it, in neat boards, all, with two exceptions, having the proper number of volumes, which the present state of taste and fashion has limited to two, and all, we have reason to believe, if we may once more be allowed to borrow a phrase of the trade, enjoying the patronage of a liberal public.

Of the causes which have operated in producing this change, the principal, indeed, is time, which has brought with it an increase of population, wealth, leisure, and education, that has fostered this in common with every other branch of literature. But another, and one of considerable importance, is the appearance of certain foreign works of fancy, as the tales of Miss Edgeworth, but more particularly those literary phenomena the Scottish, or Waverley novels. These have had a powerful effect in increasing the demand for works of a similar character. They have served to bring the practice of novel reading into better favor with the graver part of the community, and to take off many restrictions, which were formerly in force against this amusement. The extraordinary suc-

cess of the works above mentioned has provided for the supply, while it increased the demand, by stimulating the efforts of hosts of imitators in their own country, and of some in ours. When we consider the rapidity of production, not only in the case of the master, but also in that of many of his followers, as well as the number and variety of the latter, it is a natural remark, that works of this sort are easily written, and that the Great Unknown deserves the reputation of good fortune, as well as of merit, in having hit upon a vein, which is so easily and profitably elaborated.

Whether this be the case, is a question to be solved by an examination of the particular characteristics of the works of the new school, and such an examination we propose to make, as briefly as the nature of the subject will admit. We assure our readers, in the meantime, that we do not intend, as the manner of some is, to use the title of this article, as a mere cover for a critique on these works, and make it an occasion of showing our own exquisite relish of them, and our ability to render a reason for it. We intend a *bona fide* review of certain American novels, acknowledged copies of a particular pattern, and we think it expedient first to settle, in some measure, what are the peculiarities of that pattern.

The Waverley novels are for the most part historical. They are founded on events, and represent scenes and actors, with whom we were before acquainted. This character they have in common with many others. The Misses Porter, Madam de Genlis, and a host of others, not to mention the old romancers, have attempted in this way to call our associations in aid of their fictitious narratives. This method has its advantages. In the first place the writer has his story, or at least a part of it, ready made to his hand. The outlines of his picture are sketched, and he has only to fill up the intervals, and add the lights and shadows. Moreover, a step is taken towards producing a vivid impression, in the mind of the reader, of the things and persons represented, the grand object both of the novel and the drama.

But this method has also its objections. When an author presents before us an Amanda, or a St Orville, whom we see for the first time, we regard them as we do a fancy picture. It is beautiful or it is not. It is only necessary that it be a likeness to a human being, and if the artist does

not actually put wings to its shoulders, it may be allowed to pass for such. But when he places before us a Bruce, or a Bayard, Mary of Scotland, Cœur de Lion, or Washington, he must do something more; he is painting from what we have seen and known, and it is not sufficient, that he has made a striking picture, it must be a likeness. If he succeeds, his work is the more valuable, if not, the greater is the failure. A picture of a friend may be valuable to a stranger, from the beauty of its execution, to us it has no value without resemblance.

On the whole we believe, that the advantages of this method more than counterbalance the difficulties attending it; that it is easier to embellish a story, than to invent one, and less difficult to hit off an indifferent likeness of a real being, than to make an exquisite picture of an imaginary one.

The Scottish novels are, in the next place, topographic. The descriptions are taken from real scenery, rather than from arbitrary combinations of fancy. This is a striking peculiarity of these works, and attended with many advantages to the writer. It affords great facilities for the multiplication of novels. The variety and beauty of natural objects are endless, and the author is thus provided with an apparatus, which serves to supply deficiencies of various kinds. A poor play is helped off by new scenery and elegant decorations; and a story may be made agreeable, when set off by beautiful descriptions of picturesque realities, which would have been hopeless in the hands of a novelist of the last generation, with no better properties, than an old castle, a cave, a forest, a few green fields, and a drawing room. The whole Waverley school have owed much of their success to this peculiarity.

Again, in the works of this school, the dialogue bears a large proportion to the incident. The authors, having once

‘placed their persons before ye,
Ungallantly leave them to tell their own story.’

They are essentially dramatic, and the transitions from place to place, and from action to action, are made rapidly, and, as it were, between the acts. The writer’s aim is to keep himself out of sight, or to appear only like the ancient chorus, to connect the parts of his story. The descriptions are frequently put into the mouths of the actors, and the

circumstances of an action described, as they appeared to a bystander. Again, the personages are drawn from models that exist in nature. The men are men, and the women are women, compounds of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, beauty and deformity, 'warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter' as ourselves, and actuated by as great a variety of passions. But the heroes and heroines of the old school were as monstrous, as the genii and fairies of earlier times, and the stories were usually devoted to the development of the single affection of love. To those, who were under the influence of the tender passion, these narratives were singularly grateful. But to those, who had never experienced, or had recovered from this 'madness,' that is to say, to the majority of mankind, they possessed less interest. The novelist of the present day has a wider field, and it is hard if, from the variety of character and motive, which history and observation can suggest, he cannot find something in accordance with the sympathies of every reader.

But the actors in these works have not only a human, but a national, and often a provincial character. This, especially as exemplified in modes of speech, may be either an advantage or a disadvantage, though it is commonly the former. Thus, when the author of the Scottish novels makes his persons speak in their native dialect, he touches a string, which has often vibrated before. The Doric charms of the 'lowland tongue' appeal to our associations with Ramsay and Burns, and the national songs, and sweeter national music of Scotland. The subject of manners and customs is, moreover, one of general interest, and as an adherence to these serves to give individuality to the characters in these narratives, it is so far an improvement on the practice of the older novels, and advantageous to the writer. With respect to a certain, though a small number of readers, it is rather a disadvantage; we mean those, if any there happen to be, who are near the place and time of the supposed action. As a man can never be a hero to his valet, so his own house, his own city, or his own time, can scarcely be made to appear picturesque or romantic to himself. He has been behind the scenes, and beheld the ropes and the pulleys, he has drummed upon the thunder, and rattled the barrel of hail with his own hands, till imagination is fettered by fact.

For this reason, we may observe *en passant*, an American novel will, where other things are equal, be more interesting to the English public, and the reverse.

In these various ways a new and fertile field has been opened to the modern novelist, in which equal labor will produce far more than in the exhausted soil, on which his predecessors toiled. As to the question, whether the novels of this class are easily written, we are inclined to decide in the affirmative; or, to express ourselves more definitely, since ease and difficulty can be appreciated only by comparison, we doubt not that, other things being equal, it is an easier task to write a *Waverley* novel, which shall be tolerably interesting, than one after the older fashion.

If the opinion, that mediocrity in this pursuit is easily attainable, be well founded, it would seem to follow, that works of this kind will become exceedingly numerous, and that a large proportion of them will have a considerable circulation, and consequent influence upon the public opinion, taste, and morals. It follows, further, that it is the duty of reviewers to exercise a strict *surveillance* over this department of literature, to be careful in pointing out the merits or demerits of individual authors, as far as practicable, and prompt to oppose pernicious influences, and endeavor to give a beneficial direction to a force, that they cannot resist if they would.

Before leaving the general consideration of the novels of the Unknown, we may observe, that the ease and beauty of their style, and the numerous and happy allusions, with which they abound, have had a powerful influence in establishing their popularity. This excellence it is not easy to imitate. It requires a union of talents, practice, and learning, which is not commonly met with, and in this particular, the failure of his imitators has been very remarkable. It is to be regretted, that he has occasionally been guilty of a carelessness of composition, and an introduction of obsolete, or foreign words and idioms, which are more attainable, and more likely to be copied by his followers; as the vices, or eccentricities, of a great man, are more easily and generally imitated than his virtues.

We come now to the examination of the novels before us. The first on our list is the *Refugee*, by Captain Matthew

Murgatroyd. One is apt to form some opinion of a work from its title page, and we believe there is generally good ground for such a practice. In this particular instance, we were somewhat prejudiced by the title. It indicated effort, and struck us like 'a great reckoning in a little room.' We could not help anticipating the entrance of the author upon stilts, and this impression was abundantly verified. The work is prefaced by an introductory correspondence, in which he labors to be witty with all his might. It is hardly necessary to say, that his labor is in vain. The time of action is the commencement of the revolutionary war. The hero, Gilbert Greaves, is the descendant of a Welsh family, whose history is given in the beginning, at greater length than was necessary. His father, who had for many years resided on the banks of the Hudson, repairs to New York for the purpose of joining the royal forces, on the breaking out of the troubles. Gilbert follows him, soon after the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, and arrives at Staten Island just before the battle on Long Island. A singular anachronism, by the way, as the latter happened more than fourteen months after the former. Greaves is present at the action, and of course behaves heroically. He remains with the army in New York a few days; becomes disgusted with the royal camp; falls in love with a Miss Keith; rescues her from the insolence of the commander in chief; goes over to the American army; is taken prisoner again at the battle of White Plains; condemned to death by a British court martial, at which his father plays the Roman; and brought out for execution, from which he is rescued by the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton; marries Miss Keith, and returns to England.

Considered in its relation to history, this is a very exceptionable performance. It abounds with petty anachronisms, calculated to impair the verisimilitude of the story. On one occasion the hero, in 1776, thinks of the sufferings of Captain James Riley; on another, a barber is made to speak of the conduct of General Gates at Saratoga, about a year before the circumstance. In the second volume, Washington sneers at the behavior of General Heath, at the 'retreat from White Plains.' What retreat was this? The speech purports to be made, while the army was encamped at the very spot, after their retreat from New York, and before the battle,

which was followed by the retreat from it. Again, on the occasion of the rescue of Greaves, there is a most inextricable confusion of times and persons. Sir William Howe we suppose to be represented by the character of Arleston, the commander in chief at New York. Greaves is rescued by the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton from England. But every one knows, that Sir Henry Clinton was already in New York; he had a command in the battle of Long Island, and again at Ripp's bay. Again, it is said, that 'Sir William turned his eye upon the *cidevant* general (Arlleston) with a most terrific scowl.' Sir William who? And when did Sir Henry Clinton, or any other Sir, supersede General Howe in 1776? But perhaps Arleston is not Sir William Howe. Who is he then, or where was Howe, while Arleston was commander in chief on Staten Island, or in New York? Once more, Miss Keith, who is rescued two or three days before the battle of White Plains, sails for England, is taken by Paul Jones 'in the chops of the channel,' returns to America, is wrecked on Long Island, and arrives in New York, two days before that of Greaves's intended execution, which was not many days after his capture at the battle above mentioned. This implies a rate of travel, which has not been known since the days of Astolpho, or the Princess Scheherazade, and probably never will be again, till Mr Perkins's generator is in full operation.

In the delineation of character our author is not much more successful. His personages are exceedingly numerous, but have very little individuality. He endeavors, indeed, to make them speak for themselves, but their language and motions continually disclose the writer. They remind us of the figures in an indifferent puppet show, where Punch squeaks, and the Devil roars, in tones which are too evidently mere modifications of the same voice behind the curtain. Thus, he makes a British sergeant speak of the 'Magnus Apollo of the States,' and an American subaltern, in 1776, quote Spenser and the classics.

The style of the work is excessively bad. It is a labored parody of Scott's worst manner; we mean that, which he himself describes as 'the ambagitory,' or 'circumbendibus.' The author of the *Refugee* carries this to a ridiculous extreme. He is never content to express a simple circumstance

in plain language, but is always seeking for some roundabout, or tumid paraphrase. He is continually making sentences, and endeavoring to turn his miscellaneous reading, or store of anecdote to account. He seems determined, that the reader shall never lose sight of him, and it is not surprising, that his readers frequently forget both his story and his actors.

The interest is also divided by episodes and underplots, till it is nearly reduced to nothing. It is almost impossible to carry in one's mind the history and adventures of so many different persons, especially when these are neither remarkable in themselves, nor well related. We know not what, but a determination to make two volumes, could have induced this writer to give us an account of the action of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and the whole history of the life and adventures of Paul Jones, between the accounts of the trial and intended execution of his hero.

We noticed several unauthorised, or vulgar expressions, such as '*conclude to omit*,' '*bright judgment*,' '*noisy as sin*,' '*men of extra pluck*,' '*I reckoned the moment the most fortunate*,' '*the tabby cat recumbed*,' and the like. Among the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, are enumerated '*Bengal, St Helena, and the Isle of Dogs*,' which last colony is not so many miles distant from the centre of London, as to be entirely out of reach of the sound of bow bells. Again, he observes of the thrushes and larks, that these '*merry grigs were early and late at their concerts*.' To say that a bird is as merry as a grig is one thing, but to call it a grig, or eel, is another and a very different one. He might as well have called a whale a fish.

A book must be bad, indeed, that has no redeeming qualities. It cannot be denied, that the author's persevering struggles for wit are occasionally successful, that there is now and then a tolerable description, or a spirited dialogue; but these are rare, and it is very evident, that the writer has mistaken the admiration of good novels, for the power of writing them, and that his work evinces reading, rather than thought, observation, or accuracy.

Hobomok.—This is in many respects the very opposite of the Refugee. The matter is contained in one small volume, with an unpretending title, and an inoffensive introduction. The story is as follows. Mary Conant, the daughter of one

of the first settlers in Salem, or Naumkeak, is separated from her lover, a young Episcopalian, by his banishment from the territory, and departure for England. His death is reported soon after, and the shock occasioned by the information, and the severity of her father, who was of course bitterly opposed to the connexion, produces a temporary alienation of mind, during which she offers herself in marriage to Hobomok, a young Indian, who had long been devotedly attached to her. She is further influenced in this singular conduct, by a superstitious feeling, occasioned by a circumstance, which we have not space to detail. She recovers her health, and becomes the mother of an Indian boy. After the lapse of three years, her former lover reappears, Hobomok resigns his claim, flies from the country, and Mary is married to the Englishman.

There can be, we believe, but one opinion respecting this story ; it is in very bad taste, to say the least, and leaves upon the mind a disagreeable impression. Still it should be remembered, in respect to its probability, that if our ancestors were more stercorally virtuous, they were certainly without much of the delicacy and refinement of the present generation.

The characters in this novel, as well as in the one already noticed, are too numerous, and the interest is lessened by being divided among so many. But they are drawn, in most instances, with great discrimination, as well those which are borrowed from history, as those which are purely fictitious. The strange mixture of good sense, piety, fanaticism, and intolerance, which distinguished our puritan ancestors, varied in different individuals, by the different degrees of natural talent, or education, is displayed with great ingenuity and power. The death bed scenes of the Ladies, Mary Conant and Arabella Johnson, are described with feeling and pathos, and varied with considerable skill. We believe there are few American novels, from which we could present our readers with an extract more beautiful in its kind, than the following.

‘ Mrs Conant too was fast drooping, and there seemed but a hair’s breadth between her and the grave. It was interesting to observe the contrast between the two invalids. One, always weak and gentle, bended to the blast, and seemed to ask support from everything around her. The other, struggling against decay, seemed rather to give assistance, than to require it. Their hus-

bands watched over them, with the tender solicitude of a mother over her sickening infant. Mr Conant, stern as he was, felt that a sigh or a groan from the woman whom he had so long and sincerely loved, had power to stir up those deep recesses of feeling, which had for years been sealed within his soul; and Mary's heart was ready to burst with keen and protracted anguish, when she saw death standing with suspended dart, taking slow, but certain aim, at two endeared victims. But medicine, anxiety, and kindness, were alike unavailing; and soon they both retired to the same apartment, and laid themselves down on the beds from which they were never more to rise. Their feeble hold upon life daily grew more precarious, till at length nothing could tempt their anxious husbands from the pillow. Neither of them had spoken much for several days, when on the 24th of August the faint voice of Mrs Conant was heard, as she whispered,

“Roger—My dear Roger.”

‘In a moment he was at her side.

“What would you say, Mary?” asked he.

“There are many things I would have spoken,” she replied; “but I fear I have not strength wherewith to utter them. If Brown comes back, you must remember our own thwarted love, and deal kindly with Mary. She hath been a good child; and verily the God who had mercy on our unconverted souls, will not forsake her. Will you promise?”

“I will,” answered the old man, in an agitated voice. “Verily, my dear wife, your dying request shall be obeyed.”

“I would fain turn to the light,” said she, “for I feel that my departure draweth nigh.”

‘Mary and her father gently raised her, and turned her toward the little window. She looked on her husband with the celestial smile of a dying saint, as she said,

“I die happy in the Lord Jesus. Sometimes I would fain tarry longer for your sake; but the Lord's will be done.”

‘The agonized man pressed back the crowding tears, as he said,

“If in the roughness of my nature, I have sometimes spoken too harshly, say that you forgive me.”

“I have nothing to forgive,” she replied; “to me you have been uniformly kind.”

‘She reached out her hand to Mary—“For my sake,” added she, “be as dutiful to your good father, as you have been to me.”

“I will—I will,” answered Mary, as she, sobbing, hid her face in the bed clothes.

‘She spoke no more for several hours. At length, Mr Conant, who remained close by her side, heard her whisper, in low and broken tones, “My dear husband.” She attempted to extend her hand toward him, but the blindness of death was upon her, and it

feebly sunk down by her side. As her husband placed it within his, she murmured, "I cannot see you, dear Roger. Kiss me before I die." He stooped down—and oh, how deeply painful was that last embrace. Mary likewise bent over her, and kissed her cold cheek.

"My child—God—bless"—was heard from the lips of that dying mother; but the utterance was troubled and indistinct. Her breathings soon became shorter and more disturbed, and the last agonies seemed passing over her. No sound was heard in the room, till presently a short, quick gasp announced the soul's departure. Mr Conant placed his hand upon her heart—its pulse no longer throbbed. He held the taper before her mouth—no breath was there to move the steady flame. Mary uttered an involuntary shriek, and sunk upon her knees. There is nothing like the chamber of death to still the turbulence of passion, and overcome the loftiness of pride. What now was the shame of human weakness to that bereaved old man? He stood by the corpse of her, who for twenty years had lain in his bosom, and he heeded not that the big, bright tears fell fast upon the bed. Nothing now remained but the last, sad offices of friendship; and they were silently performed. Not a word was spoken by father or daughter. The sheet was carefully drawn over that pale face; and both bowed down their weary, aching heads upon the pillow, in still communion with their own souls.

"During this time, the Lady Arabella had sunk into a slumber so deep and tranquil, that she seemed almost like her departed companion. Mr Johnson remained with her hand clasped in his, half doubtful whether it was not indeed the sleep of death. Towards morning she awoke; and resting her eyes upon her husband, with a look of unutterable love, she feebly returned the pressure of his hand, as she said,

"You are always near me, dear Isaac." After a thoughtful pause, she asked, "Is not the Lady Mary dead?"

"She is," answered Mr Johnson.

"Assuredly I so thought," continued she. "I dreamed that angels came for her, and she said they must wait for me. They are standing by her bedside now. Don't you see the light of their garments? Well, I shall soon be ready."

"My God, my God," exclaimed the young husband, "would that the bitterness of this cup might pass from me."

"But it may not pass," rejoined his wife calmly; "and you must drink it like a christian. Let your whole trust be on the Rock of Ages."

"I could bear it all, Arabella," replied he, "had I not brought you into trials too mighty for your strength. But for my selfish love, you might now be living in ease and comfort."

“My dear Isaac, does this sound like a follower of the Lamb?” said she. “The time of my departure hath come, and what matters it whether it be in England or America? In the short space we have been allowed to sojourn together, I have enjoyed more than all my life beside; and let this remembrance comfort you when I am gone. Remember me most kindly to my good brother. May his earthly union be as happy and more permanent than mine.”

‘For a long time she seemed exhausted by the effort she had made. Then, taking the ring from her finger,

“Give this to Mary,” said she; “and when she looks thereon, bid her think to what all human enjoyment must come. I know you will always wear my miniature. It would have been a great comfort, had I been permitted to leave a living image of myself; but it hath pleased the Lord to order otherwise. Faint not in the enterprise whereunto our blessed Lord has called you; and remember we meet again in Jesus.”

‘The heart of her husband was too full to speak; and he could only kiss her emaciated hand in reply. She fixed her dying gaze upon him, and a faint smile hovered round her lips, shedding its unearthly light over her whole countenance, as she said, “I hear the angels singing. ’Tis time for me to go.” Her look was still towards her husband, when her lids closed as if in peaceful slumber. All was hushed. The flickering lamp of life was extinguished.

‘There, in that miserable room, lay the descendants of two noble houses. Both alike victims to what has always been the source of woman’s greatest misery—love—deep and unwearied love. The Lady Mary had in her lifetime been so still and fair, that the smile on her placid countenance seemed but a mockery of death; and whoever looked upon the Lady Arabella, would have judged that thought was still busy beneath those closed eyelids.’ pp. 134—138.

But the principal beauties in this work are to be found in the delineations of the Indian character. We have seldom met with more successful efforts in this way, than the descriptions of the characters and language of Hobomok and Corbitant. We are only sorry that the author’s plan did not admit of their more frequent appearance. In the following extract they are represented together.

‘At the moment Hobomok entered, he (Corbitant) was engaged in eager conversation with Sagamore John, concerning his connexion with the English, and scarcely was he seated, ere he exclaimed,

“Shame on you, Hobomok! The wolf devours not its own; but Hobomok wears the war belt of Owanux,* and counts his

* Englishmen.

beaver for the white man's squaw. Oh cursed Owanux ! The buffalo will die of the bite of a wasp, and no warrior will pluck out his sting. Oh cursed Owanux ! And yet Miantonimo buckles on their war belt, and Massasoit says, their pipe smokes well. Look to the east, where the sun rises among the Taratines ; to the west, where he sets among the valiant Pequods ; then look to the south, among the cowardly Narragansets, and the tribes of Massasoit, thick as the trees of his forests ; then look far to the north, where the Great Spirit lifts his hatchet* high above the head of the Nipnet ! And say, are not the red men like the stars in the sky, or the pebbles in the ocean ? But a few sleeps more, let Owanux suck the blood of the Indian, and where will be the red man then ? Look for yesterday's tide, for last year's blossoms, and the rainbow that has hid itself in the clouds ! Look for the flame that has died away, for the ice that's melted, and for the snow that lights on the waterfall ! Among them you will find the children of the Great Spirit. Yes, they will soon be as an arrow that is lost in its flight, and as the song of a bird flown by."

'This was uttered with a smile of bitter irony, and in a tone so loud and fierce, that every eye was fixed on the speaker. Sagamore John laid down his pipe to listen ; his squaw shook her head mournfully as he uttered his predictions ; and his sons stood gazing upon Corbitant, till the fire flashed from their young eyes, and their knives were half drawn from the belt. Even Hobomok, whose loves and hates had become identified with the English, admired the eloquence of his enemy, and made a melancholy pause ere he answered, "Corbitant knows well that the arm of Hobomok is not weak, nor his cheek pale in time of battle ; but if the quiver of the Narragansets be filled against the Yengees,† know you not, that they themselves will be trodden down, like snow, in the war path of the Pequods ?"

"That's the song of the lame bird, to lead from its nest," replied Corbitant, sarcastically. "Would Hobomok weep, if the Pequod should lift his head to the clouds, and plant one foot among the Taratines, and the other far, far away among the Caddoques ? Would he utter one groan, if the hatchet of Sassacus were buried deep in the brains of Pokanecket's child ? No ! and yet Hobomok asked that the child of Pokanecket might be his squaw ; but his beaver skins were not brought, and she cooked the deer for Ninigret's son.‡ Hobomok saves his tears for the white

* The constellation of the northern bear.

† The Indian term for English ; from which *Yankee* is probably derived.

‡ In an Indian courtship the young man makes a present of beaver skins, and the intended bride returns venison of her own cooking.

faced daughter of Conant, and his blood for the arrow of Corbitant, that his kinswoman may be avenged."

'Hobomok lifted his tomahawk in wrath, as his adversary uttered these insulting words. "Who dares speak of groans and tears," said he, "to him whose heart has been calm in the fight, and whose eye winked not at the glancing of arrows?"

'Corbitant answered by a scornful laugh, and the hatchet would have descended on his head, had not Sagamore John stepped between them, as he said, "Listen to the words of an ancient chief. The Great Spirit loves not the sacrifice of young blood, when it is shed in quarrel. Smoke the pipe of peace, my children; and I will tell you of days that are gone by, when the war whoop of John was heard the loudest among his tribe, and his arrow brought down the deer at her swiftest speed."

'To have refused to listen to the stories of an old man, would have been contrary to all rules of Indian decorum; but before the fierce, young spirits composed themselves to respectful silence, a challenge of proud looks was exchanged, as Corbitant muttered, "When the big sea bird up yonder, go back to their great land chief, king Charles, the white squaw's father, say Indian arrow be broken at Naumkeak. Let him look to 't that the wolf be not near his wigwam."

'Hours passed away while the young sons sat devouring the words of their father, and even his guests seemed to have forgotten their own hatred, in the eager reverence, with which they listened to him. His squaw, in the meantime, had taken her coarse, roasted cakes from the fire, and placed some cold venison before her visitors, and pointed to it with a look of pride, as she said, "The arm of my sanup is old, but you see his arrow is yet swifter than the foot of the deer. May his sons bring him food in his old age." ' pp. 38—41.

We shall make one more quotation. It describes the meeting of Hobomok and Mary's former lover.

'While conversation of this nature was going on at home, Hobomok was pursuing his way through the woods, whistling and singing as he went, in the joyfulness of his heart. He had proceeded near half a mile in this way, when he espied an eagle, soaring with a flight so lofty, that he seemed almost like a speck in the blue abyss above. The Indian fixed his keen eye upon him, and as he gradually lowered his flight, he made ready his arrow, and a moment after the noble bird lay fluttering at his feet.

"A true aim that, Hobomok," said a voice, which sounded familiar to his ears. He raised his head to see from whence it proceeded. Charles Brown stood by his side! The countenance

of the savage assumed at once the terrible, ashen hue of Indian paleness. His wounded victim was left untouched, and he hastily retreated into the thicket, casting back a fearful glance on what he supposed to be the ghost of his rival. Brown attempted to follow ; but the farther he advanced, the farther the Indian retreated, his face growing paler and paler, and his knees trembling against each other in excessive terror.

“Hobomok,” said the intruder, “I am a man like yourself. I suppose three years ago you heard I was dead, but it has pleased the Lord to spare me in captivity until this time, and to lead me once more to New England. The vessel which brought me hither, lieth down a mile below, but I chose the rather to be put on shore, being impatient to inquire concerning the friends I left behind. You used to be my good friend, Hobomok, and many a piece of service have you done for me. I beseech you feel of my hand, that you may know I am flesh and blood even as yourself.”

After repeated assurances, the Indian timidly approached—and the certainty that Brown was indeed alive, was more dreadful to him, than all the ghosts that could have been summoned from another world.

“You look as if you were sorry your old friend had returned,” said the Englishman ; “but do speak and tell me one thing—Is Mary Conant yet alive ?”

Hobomok fixed his eyes upon him with such a strange mixture of sorrow and fierceness, that Brown laid his hand upon his rifle, half fearful his intentions were evil. At length, the Indian answered with deliberate emphasis,

“She is both alive and well.”

“I thank God,” rejoined his rival. “I need not ask whether she is married ?”

The savage looked earnestly and mournfully upon him, and sighed deeply, as he said,

“The handsome English bird hath for three years lain in my bosom ; and her milk hath nourished the son of Hobomok.”

The Englishman cast a glance of mingled doubt and despair towards the Indian, who again repeated the distressing truth. Disappointed love, a sense of degradation, perhaps something of resentment, were all mingled in a dreadful chaos of agony, within the mind of the unfortunate young man ; and at that moment it was difficult to tell to which of the two, anguish had presented her most unmingled cup. The Indian gazed upon his rival, as he stood leaning his aching head against a tree ; and once and again he indulged in the design of taking his life.

“No,” thought he. “She was first his. Mary loves him better than she does me ; for even now she prays for him in her sleep. The sacrifice must be made to her.”

‘For a long time, however, it seemed doubtful whether he could collect sufficient fortitude to fulfil his resolution. The remembrance of the smiling wife and the little prattling boy, whom he had that morning left, came too vividly before him. It recks not now what was the mighty struggle in the mind of that dark man. He arose and touched Brown’s arm, as he said,

“ ‘Tis all true which I have told you. It is three snows since the bird came to my nest ; and the Great Spirit only knows how much I have loved her. Good and kind she has been ; but the heart of Mary is not with the Indian. In her sleep she talks with the Great Spirit, and the name of the white man is on her lips. Hobomok will go far off among some of the red men in the west. They will dig him a grave, and Mary may sing the marriage song in the wigwam of the Englishman.”

“No,” answered his astonished companion. “She is your wife. Keep her, and cherish her with tenderness. A moment ago, I expected your arrow would rid me of the life, which has now become a burden. I will be as generous as you have been. I will return from whence I came, and bear my sorrows as I may. Let Mary never know that I am alive. Love her, and be happy.”

“The purpose of an Indian is seldom changed,” replied Hobomok. “My tracks will soon be seen far beyond the back bone of the Great Spirit. For Mary’s sake I have borne the hatred of the Yengees, the scorn of my tribe, and the insults of my enemy. And now, I will be buried among strangers, and none shall black their faces for the unknown chief. When the light sinks behind the hills, see that Corbitant be not near my wigwam ; for that hawk has often been flying round my nest. Be kind to my boy.” His voice choked, and the tears fell bright and fast. He hastily wiped them away as he added, “You have seen the first and last tears that Hobomok will ever shed. Ask Mary to pray for me—that when I die, I may go to the Englishman’s God, where I may hunt beaver with little Hobomok, and count my beavers for Mary.”

‘Before Brown had time to reply, he plunged into the thicket and disappeared.’ pp. 172—175.

The tone of the work is generally sombre, and accords well with our associations with the early history of New England, and the days of sickness, sorrow, privation, and religious austerity. We never read the records of those times without a sensation of melancholy and pity, mingled with respect and national pride, and the author of *Hobomok* seems to feel and inspire a similar sensation.

We think this book has suffered much from the general prejudice against the catastrophe of the story, and that its

animated descriptions of scenes and persons, its agreeable style, and the acquaintance with the history and spirit of the times which it evinces, have not received the credit due to them. But we doubt not, that it will one day be regarded with greater favor, and that it is by no means of the same ephemeral class, with some others of our American novels. It will stand the test of repeated readings, and it will obtain them.

A Peep at the Pilgrims.—The period, in which the events of this tale are supposed to have happened, is six or seven years later than that of *Hobomok*. The scene during great part of the work is in Plymouth, at that time comparatively an old settlement. The hero of the story, Major Atherton, arrives at this place in search of adventures; falls in love with a daughter of the land; follows her to the new plantation on the Connecticut river; is taken prisoner in attempting to rescue her from the savages, who had kidnapped her; is himself rescued from the stake at the last moment; and marries the lady, who has in the meantime been ransomed. The two volumes are also replete with episodical matter of various interest.

The same faults exist in this, which we have already noticed in the preceding novels. The characters are too numerous, and the story is spread over too great a space; a good deal of the work is a mere compilation from the chronicles of the time, slightly connected with the fictitious narrative, and these parts are sometimes the most interesting. The accounts indeed of these matters are well written, but may be found equally so elsewhere. We can read Neal, and Morton, and Winslow for ourselves, and we expect the novelist to begin only where the historian stops. Something, it is true, is done in the way of filling up the outlines of history, and sometimes tolerably well done, as for instance the characters of Standish, Ashly, and White, though the description of the last approaches rather too nearly to caricature. Our English periodical brethren, we suppose, would call him the *bore* of the novel.

The dialogue is occasionally spirited, but we could not avoid feeling now and then, that the author was laboring to make his personages smart. The art is not always concealed. But the greatest merit of this work consists in what we

should call its topographical execution. The writer observes and describes inanimate objects much better than peculiarities of character, and this confirms what we have before said on this subject. The book owes much more of its interest to historical details, and descriptions of natural and real objects, than to the author's power of invention, or discrimination of character. We can therefore approve, and find a good deal to praise in the work, without believing that it affords much promise of the future excellence of the writer, and cannot encourage him to write on, unless he is likely to be satisfied with the praise of mediocrity.

We can afford space for one short extract only. It describes the first appearance of Plymouth to Atherton.

‘ They seemed approaching a wilderness ; for already the forests were enveloped in darkness, and the gigantic hills invested with the shadows of twilight. Presently a dim speck appeared on the horizon ;—it was the little village of Plymouth, the most ancient of the settlements, fast rising into importance, and far famed for the success and enterprise of its inhabitants.

‘ The stranger experienced a momentary disappointment, as he rapidly surveyed the limited dimensions, and rude architecture of that new “city of refuge.” His fancy had sketched scenes of Arcadian loveliness, and colored the picture, which it drew, with the fairy tints of romance ; but he only saw, rising from the rocky and sea girt shore, the humble roofs of the Pilgrims, clustered together in two compact lines, and thinly shaded by native trees ; each tenement encircled by a patch of vegetation, then wearing the seared and fading hues of autumn. The English colors waved gaily from the battlements of a square fort, which crowned the summit of the commanding eminence, and its flat roof was paced by several persons, who watched with curiosity the approaching vessel.’

The author's style is generally correct and unpretending, and he rarely attempts in his own person to be very fine. The typographical execution is much more beautiful, than is common in works of this sort.

The Witch of New England.—This novel belongs to a period about fifty years later than the last. The scene of course is laid in New England, but in what part, we are at a loss to imagine ; possibly somewhere in Connecticut. The principal character in the story is an old woman, who pretends to witchcraft, commits certain horrid crimes, and is

executed accordingly. The other characters are few, and the time occupied is short. It is therefore free from the faults, which we have charged upon the two last. The author has not meddled much with history, except in his introduction, and the interweaving with his narrative a number of facts, which he has collected and used without ceremony, borrowing occasionally the very language of the works, from which his selections are made, especially in two or three stories from the American Preceptor. He seems to have read over some common works on the early history of New England, with a view to the production of this novel, but in a manner hasty and inaccurate to a surprising degree. We could easily trace his progress through several of these, and were amazed, that, after having read them, he should still remain so ignorant of the early history of the country. His introduction is taken from Belknap's Life of Carver, from which he borrows whole sentences, and yet he informs us, that the 31st of December was the day on which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and that it has ever since been celebrated as a festival. The 31st indeed, which, by the difference of style, answers to our 11th of January, is mentioned by Belknap as the day, when the settlers first attended divine worship on shore, and probably this was the origin of the mistake. We acquit the natives of New England, however, of this novel, for what Yankee has not heard of the '22nd?' He introduces us to the house of a clergyman, 'a large *stone dwelling*,' the burial ground with 'its rectangular tombs of *blue and white marble*,' the 'plain *brick church*,' and above all the '*Presbyterian minister*.' This is a strange combination for New England, in 1690, or indeed at any time. Again, Uncas, the Indian chieftain, who, by the way, was a mighty warrior more than half a century before, is made to speak of the time when he roamed like the meteor over the *prairie*. In the fourth chapter, the son of the clergyman abovementioned reads to his father and family a long *dramatic* fragment, of his own composition, of which one of the characters is a *Friar*, quotes Shakspeare, and hints at the Arabian Nights, and Salvator Rosa; and to all this the father, who is represented as a strenuous Puritan, makes no objection. This chapter was altogether too much for our gravity. The son of a New England clergyman, in 1690, writing plays, and producing

these 'parings of the Devil's hoof,' for the entertainment of his father! He might as well have represented the clergyman himself as a reviewer of novels.

Ridiculous, however, as this book assuredly is, in regard to its historical qualifications, it is not without merit of a certain kind. Parts of it are well written, and some descriptions of scenery, and some touches of character, are so tolerable, that we are unwilling to condemn it altogether. It seems to us, that the author proposed to frame a tale, in which the Witch and her associate should be subordinate characters, that he was unable to complete his plan, and that his end does not fulfil the promise of his beginning. He introduces the regicide Whally, but does nothing with him, except to kill him in defiance of physiology, representing him as being found dead, with his body erect, intent on his book, and looking as if he were alive, a combination of circumstances, which implies an economy of muscular exertion, and consequently of patience, that to those of us, who are called on to review novels by the quantity, is far more desirable than possible. Finally, as if determined that none of his reading should be in vain, he introduces a Quaker on one occasion, for no earthly purpose, that we can imagine, except to give him an opportunity of putting into the mouth of an opponent of heterodoxy, a speech, borrowed *verbatim et literatim* from the Simple Cobbler of Agawam, and that without the least hint to the reader, that it is not his own composition.

Saratoga.—We are now brought back again to the revolution. The heroine of this story is the daughter of an English officer, resident in America, who takes arms against the Colonies. He is among the sufferers by the disasters of Burgoyne's army; is placed *hors du combat* by the capitulation at Saratoga, and returns to his former residence in Pennsylvania. His daughter suffers a metaphorical wound, while her father is confined with a real one. She becomes enamored of a gallant rebel colonel, and in process of time is married to him. This is the main story, but there are many underplots, which we have not room to analyse.

In some respects this novel would seem to belong rather to the old *regime*. The hero is a piece of perfection; there are mysteries and complications, a mistress in the wood, a muffled stranger, and a final satisfactory explanation. The

writer leans but little upon history, and introduces few real personages. We have the Lady Harriet Ackland, and the life of General Frazer of course; 'he could not miss't,' as Antonio says, but in the main the story is fictitious.

We find here the fault so often noticed, the crowding of persons and plots, and the last exceedingly complicated. Still we should call it a respectable novel. The characters, when they are intended to be mortals, are pretty well delineated, and there is rather a larger proportion of well supported dialogue, than is usual in these second rate works. On the other hand, it may be observed, that there is a good deal of dull conversation, which might have been omitted, or abridged to great advantage. The character of the Irish captain is the best in the book, and though often in excess, it is on the whole well executed. The Irish, by the way, seem to be made on purpose for novels. They are born with a character, and talk poetry by nature. We have only to observe further, that this book does not appear to have received from the public, the notice that others have enjoyed, which, if equal, are certainly not superior to it. Our limits will not allow us to make a long extract, and we are unable to find a short one, which we think would be a fair specimen of its general merit.

Adsonville.—This tale belongs to no particular period. The scene is near the Western Lakes, and on the banks of the Hudson. The principal personage is a kind of wet Quaker, who *marries out* of the society, after various delays, arising from opposition of parents and the like. We needed not the intimation in the preface, that it was a juvenile effort, since nothing can be more evident. The preface is composed with much humility and deprecation of criticism. But if no hope of success, beyond a circle of friends, was entertained, why publish at all? The style is very bad, and the expressions and phrases often uncouth, vulgar, and silly, and the incidents and *dénouement* hackneyed. It is further remarkable for the coarseness of its mechanical execution.

A Winter in Washington.—These volumes purport to contain a story of our own time, and our own metropolis. The author has chosen the most difficult of all subjects, that of describing and rendering picturesque, things that are common. The events of the story, so far as we know, are en-

tirely fictitious, though one or two real characters are introduced by name. In attempting a task so difficult, a failure was perhaps to be anticipated. We are sorry to say, that to us the book was heavy reading, and we are not sure, that any thing short of a reviewer's conscience would have carried us resolutely to the end.

Tales of an American Landlord.—This, like the last, is a tale of fiction. It has two plots, of which we know not which is the principal. The hero of one is a spendthrift English Honorable, who chooses to have the Atlantic between him and his creditors, as many a man has done both before and since. He engages the affections of a young lady, under an assumed name and character; is checked in his career by the 'curb of old father antic the law;' meets with his brother the real lord; repents, reforms, and marries the lady. In the other plot, the sister of the lady, already mentioned, gives her heart to another incognito, who turns out to be a young man to whom she had been contracted by their parents. There are many other characters and by-plays besides the main action. The time is fixed during the revolutionary war, but it is only in one chapter, we believe, that any reference is made to it, and the only historical person introduced is Lafayette, and he but briefly.

The grand defect in this novel is similar to that, which we noticed in the *Refugee*, a laborious imitation of the manner of the author of *Waverley*. The effort is so constantly evident, as almost completely to obscure the merit, which really belongs to the writer. He makes us think too often of himself, whereas his first object should be to make his readers forget him, or what is more to the purpose, he should forget himself in his characters. Moreover, it is too much loaded with quotations; and the delineation of characters might be more highly applauded, if it were more original; but the sin of imitation is here also. Hence many of his pictures have only the merit of copies. We might be pleased with them, if we did not possess the original.

This work is clearly intended to produce a certain moral and religious effect, and we give the writer credit for his intentions, which we sincerely believe to be praiseworthy; that is to say, we believe, that he proposed to do something towards effecting an object, which he deems good and useful.

His motives, therefore, must command respect, but we differ from him altogether, both with regard to the end, the means, and the conduct of them. Of the end proposed, namely, the advancement of certain religious views, it would be out of place to say anything here, except that we disagree with the writer respecting their advantage or necessity. We object to the means of advancing these by novel writing, not as faulty, but as inefficacious. We do not believe, that anything can be done for controverted points by fictitious narratives. The question is, whether certain religious views produce particular good effects upon the temper and character of men? Do they make them good, useful, and happy, more than other views, which are held with equal sincerity? The novelist may assert the affirmative in one word, or in two volumes, it is still nothing but an assertion. Lastly, as to the conduct of the means, or the execution of the novel, we object to it, because it tends, as far as it has any effect, to engage our sympathies in favor of the dissipated spendthrift already alluded to, and to weaken the persuasion, which of all others most needs encouragement, of the eternal connexion between vice and misery.

The two works remaining on our list, have no other claim to be classed among American novels, than that of having been first published in America. The former we conclude, from certain modes of expression, to be the work of a native of Ireland, or at least of one in the first generation of Irish descent. The latter seems to be the production of a Scotchman. The first is entitled

O'Halloran, &c.—The scene of action in this tale is the north of Ireland. The hero, Edward Barrymore, a young man of noble family, and loyal principles, takes a ramble for pleasure to the Giant's Causeway, and the scenes in the neighborhood; meets with O'Halloran, a leading United Irishman, and his granddaughter Ellen; falls in love with Ellen; refuses to connect himself with O'Halloran's political intrigues; is seized and confined by the united leaders; escapes and returns to the south. Soon afterwards, the insurrection of 1798 breaks out, of which some of the events are detailed. On the defeat and surrender of the insurgents, O'Halloran, who, as one of the chiefs, is excluded from the benefit of the amnesty, endeavors to escape to America, is

finally taken, and condemned, but saved from execution by the influence of Edward, who in the sequel marries Ellen.

The descriptions of the proceedings of the insurgents, while in arms, are graphic and interesting. We read this part of the book with pleasure, and this is all we can say in praise of it. The remainder is indifferent. The characters of O'Halloran, Ellen, and Edward, the proceedings of the latter in obtaining the pardon of the former, and several other circumstances in the conduct of the tale, are imitated from similar circumstances in *Waverley*. Peg Dornan is Meg Merrilies diluted. The author thus compels us continually to draw comparisons, which must necessarily be unfavorable to him. The story is spun out long after the proper catastrophe. It should have been closed as briefly as possible, after the pardon of O'Halloran, who, after all, is the principal person. The episode of Sir Geoffrey Carebrow, a brutal wretch, who carries off the heroine, that she may be rescued by Edward, and who afterwards bequeaths her his fortune, is badly managed, and in some instances disgusting. There is also an occasional grossness of allusion, which is offensive. The grave dialogue is dull. The speakers talk too long, and too much in set terms. The subject and materials of this novel are excellent ; its defects are in the execution.

Goslington Shadow.—We take up this book with feelings analogous to those of the philosopher, when he exclaimed, on an occasion not very dissimilar, 'Courage, my friends, I see land.' The scene of *Goslington Shadow* is laid in Scotland ; the time being about five or six years since. The title of the novel, or, as the author prefers calling it, the *romance*, is also the name of the hero, who is the son of a Scotch farmer. Goslington is sent to the university against the inclination of his father ; goes through the usual routine of education ; is introduced to the acquaintance and favor of Lord Ringsdale, and falls in love with his daughter. Matthew Shadow, the father, acquires a large fortune by the death of a relation, and is discovered to be the rightful heir to the title and estates of Ringsdale. The work concludes with the marriages of Goslington with Lady Rosa Ringsdale, and of his sister Peggy with a young American, who turns out to be of Scotch lineage. Such is the most complete abstract of the story, which our limits will permit. The truth

is, that the book is rambling and discursive in the extreme. The author introduces a great variety of characters, and strings their adventures together, without seeming to care much about the manner of their connexion. Of course the interest of the story is nearly lost. Some of the characters are extremely well done, especially that of Matthew Shadow; others are crude and faulty. The dialogue on some occasions is excellent, and then it becomes feeble or tedious. We shall best illustrate our views of this performance, by comparing it with some other well known work. Such a one occurs to us in Sir Andrew Wylie, by the author of *Annals of the Parish*. Goslington Shadow resembles this in many particulars, and is nearly on a par with it in point of merit. The constant use of the Scotch dialect, and the evident intimacy of the author with Scotch manners and customs, so far as we can judge from the perusal of the modern secondary Scotch novels, show that he is either a native of Scotland, or a person who has resided at some time, and for a considerable period, in that country. Perhaps we were disposed to give the dialogue quite as much credit as it deserved, from the circumstances of its being carried on in a dialect, which, as we have already observed, has of itself a strong hold on our agreeable associations.

We have one remark to make, which applies to all these novels. They are uniformly deficient in taste and skill in the selection of mottos for their chapters. These scraps form an important part of a novel, and require more attention and knowledge, than the authors of most of them seem to be aware. The mottos of those, which we have now noticed, are far too frequently either hackneyed, pointless, or without sufficient bearing on the subject of the chapter. There is sometimes an affectation of quoting from the *Old Play*, to which, however, we are certain, that for anything which as yet has appeared, no one has ever had access, but the author of *Waverley*.

We have thus concluded a task, which the public may possibly think has been performed too leniently, whilst the authors and authoresses will doubtless agree in this, if in nothing else, that we have been economical of praise, lavish of censure, totally deficient in discrimination, and probably in taste and judgment. But we live not in their report. We have endeavored to show in our remarks, that, with some excep-

tions, we do not attach high merit to these books, while we have been anxious to avoid those sweeping and sneering denunciations, which are neither valuable nor difficult, though unfortunately they are apt to obtain more credit than they deserve, with those who measure the weight of criticism by its flippancy, or its bitterness. We have uttered our thoughts, and desire them not to pass for more than they are worth. As to the future literary projects and doings of the writers, who have now passed under our notice, we take it not upon us to exhort or advise. While they keep within the bounds of good morals and decorum, let them write on, if they feel moved to this exercise, and are willing to run the risk of laboring sometimes in vain. Those persons, who waste their time in reading poor novels, or, if our readers please, any novels, would probably waste it in some other way not more innocent, if novels were not to be had. If cards and the theatre languish in this age of novel reading, the public morals are not likely to suffer by this change of amusement, and, in short, a man may as well employ himself in writing, or reading a novel, as in cutting a diamond into an indifferent figure, or wearing it after it is done.

ART. V.—*A Dissertation on the Nature and Extent of the Jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States, being a Valedictory Address, delivered to the Students of the Law Academy, at Philadelphia, at the Close of the Academical Year, on the 22nd of April 1824.* By PETER S. DU PONCEAU, Provost of the Academy. *To which are added a Brief Sketch of the National Judiciary Powers Exercised in the United States, prior to the Adoption of the present Federal Constitution.* By THOMAS SARGEANT, Esq. Vice Provost. *And the Author's Discourse on Legal Education, delivered at the Opening of the Law Academy, in February 1821. With an Appendix and Notes.* 8vo. pp. 254. Philadelphia, Abraham Small, 1824.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, from the earliest antiquity of the law, at least after it began to assume the form